

Our Animal Department.

By Roy L. McCardell.



SUCH a success! When we said: "Let us be kind to our animal friends! Have you a friend who is an animal?" little did we think we should strike such a responsive chord! We will, if the success of our Animal Annex keeps up, be able to erect a palatial home office building and pay our officers life insurance salaries. Remember, we will be glad to hear from you about your Animal Friends, but we can only give our sympathy. After our salaries are paid and the up-keep of our office provided for there will be no money available for animals. So don't be a hog. Remember, we sympathize, but cannot subsidize! Our first care must be to make home life more pleasant for our domestic animals. The S. P. C. A. is a dead letter. Did it ever look after the home life of animals? No wonder the cry is "Raus mit Haines!"

A word to married men. It is this: If you and your wife live like cats and dogs that is no reason why your cats and dogs should live like you and your wife! Always bear that in mind.

LETTERS! LETTERS! LETTERS!

Animal Editor:
How glad I am to note you are interested in animals. I have a canary that is a bird. And he is so intelligent and always in such high feather. The other evening Clarence—that's the canary—was washing the supper dishes for me, when the landlord came and turned off the gas. The kitchen became very dark, although I tried to make light of it. Finally it was necessary to light a lamp. I did so. I then got out the parlor lamp to light that, but found the chimney so smoked it was crusted with black. I was in a quandary, when suddenly the canary flew across the room and winged its way back and forth through the lamp chimney which I was holding in a horizontal position. In about twenty trips through it he had it clean and bright.

IMA LYON.

Animal Editor:
Thank you for your Animal Annex. The S. P. C. A. is no good. I telephoned to them the other day telling them that the people in the next flat were boiling live lobsters to death. Some horrid man replied that lobsters couldn't be kept out of hot water, and if a lobster wasn't a live one he wasn't worth bothering with.

A LADY OF HARLEM.

Animal Editor:
I would like to show my appreciation of your good work. Can you

THE LOG OF NOAH'S ARK

(Copyright by Walt McDougall)

Devised and Illustrated By Walt McDougall.



NO. 6.—NOAH ARBITRATES THE FIRST STRIKE.

*** This Log Was Kept by Noah's Third Son, JAPHET, and is Here Turned Into Versified Vernacular by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. ***

TODAY we had a brief set-to with our four-footed guests, the Zoo. They sent word: "Ocean life's a bore! So kindly set us ashore!" Pa lit among 'em with a screech. And handed out this fervent speech: "We've taken measurements to-day."

come up and dine with us? Bring along something to eat. I wish to report the strange actions of our landlord. He does not allow us to keep dogs, and yet he permits the tenants to carry in pitchers of beer. Why should he chase the growlers in one case and let his tenants chase them in another? VILAS CANBY.

Animal Editor:
You speak of our animal friends and ask if we have friends who are animals. I live in Brooklyn and meet a lot of bridge hogs, but they are no friends of mine. One took my seat from me and I sat down on him hard. I think bridge hogs should all be put in the pen. Don't you? LOTTIE CHILDS.

Send us in letters about your animal friends and items of interest to our funny, feathered and four-footed pets.

There's land three hundred feet away. But let me tell you, ere you go, it's just three hundred feet BELOW! If you don't think the flood's too deep, you can land right now. Don't let us keep you! Then Pa comes fuming back to us: "If I'd a known they'd make such fuss I'd never brought that critter-band. But left 'em splashing 'round on land. In which case books on Natural History Would be engulfed in pleasing mystery. And, anyhow, I rue the day I trod the Ark-itectural scay."

And fled it so us folks should be The future world's first families. When Earth's dried off her wet shampoos Mankind will date from this here crew: The man who'll build the Magic Shoes; The men who'll work the Magic Shoes; The crowd who'll cherish fads and fancies; The church fair girl who sells you 'chances'; The man who works the double cross And lands the cherished job of Boss; The man who slumbers in his chair While grafters flourish everywhere; The flat-dueller whose song-fests keep

His saner neighbors from their sleep; The car-hog; 'next-car' motorman; The man who coined 'How old is Ann?' The clown, the crank, the crook, the grafter And similar weird folk; hereafter, Whom decent men revile and curse, Will all date back to poor old US! If we'd leap in the scapes this morn' They none of them would e'er be born." Says Ma: "Your logic's awfully clear. Let's drown them. After you, my dear!" Pa grumbled (like he'd had a jar): "Beats all how foolish women are!" (For further details see Monday's Evening World, this page.)

At the Bottom of the Sea.

By R. E. Leppert.



Miss Swardfish—Yes, he kissed me on the brow. I wonder why not on the lips? Mermaid—Maybe he'd mislaid his baseball mask.

Mr. Eel—What makes Tommy Cod look so despondent this evening? Doc Tortoise—I hear he put all his week's pay on the Skatish at the track to-day, and the brute proved to be an "also swim."

Conger—There are still some inventions left undiscovered. Snapper—Yes, nobody has been able to devise a dirigible flying fish.

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

EDITED BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Chivalry and Women Criminals.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A STORY is told of a man who murdered his father and mother and when tried appealed to the court for mercy on the plea that he was an orphan. This is supposed to be humor of a gruesome sort. But a year ago the spectacle was presented to us of a degraded woman on trial for her life making capital out of the daily presence in court of a white-haired father, bowed to earth by her shame. And to-day another wretched lily exploits similarly a mother's love that the blind eyes of justice may drop absolving tears into the black ooze of the underworld. That one of these women is free, that the other will be, doesn't matter. More good would be accomplished probably by letting them go absolutely unpunished than by the public condemnation that must result from the general discussion of their offenses and their lives. It is the masochistic acceptance of feminine unaccountability for crime that is the disheartening feature of these trials of women with their sordid details, their gallery plays, their inevitable, slushy acquittal. Instead of being a triumph for womanhood that the only woman ever executed in New York was old and ugly and perfectly respectable and probably crazy, it is a sad commentary on the minds and motives of jurymen. Justice, according to settled symbolism, is a woman with calm, pale forehead and blind, patient eyes. But New York Justice, where women are concerned, is a little round, red-faced man with good eyes for a "goo-goo" and the other dripping tears of maudlin sentiment on the soiled linen of the bedraggled sisterhood. It is not the fact of acquittal, but the motive, the reason, in these cases that women quarrel with. We would probably acquit them ourselves. But why make them heroines of romance? Why have the thing of moral sub-cellars offered up in the guise of the tender buds of family affection to jurymen as buttonholers? When Nan Patterson was on trial for the murder of her husband, a jurymen was brought up to a state of hysterical sympathy with her. I went up to the court one day and recognized in one of the jurymen a middle-aged man I had often seen dining with his wife in an uptown restaurant and who was noticeably impressed by a pretty woman that came in the room. As soon as I saw him I knew that "Nan," with her round, white throat and baby-blue eyes, was perfectly safe. I never doubted her ultimate freedom an instant. And, sure enough, he was one of the six who voted for her acquittal. I saw a rather ungracious fellow to clamor for justice when they are accorded chivalrous mercy. But chivalry is so humiliating, and I believe I'd rather be hanged at the State's expense, than acquitted at my own.

The Physical Culture Woman.

By Herbert M. Lome.



Lesson I. THE physical culture exercises on movements, which will be presented in this series of articles, have been selected with special reference to the needs and bodily characteristics of women. The woman who undertakes the exercises should practice them in a well-ventilated room, the sunnier the better. She must discard her corsets and have no constricting bands or girdles around the waist line. The best time to take the exercises is immediately on arising in the morning and just before retiring at night. It is well to follow them with a cold water or slightly tepid sponge bath. Do not attempt them for at least two hours after a meal. Having removed the pillows, lie straight and flat on your back on a bed, with the feet about six inches apart, in such a position that by raising the arms above and back of the head the hands may readily grasp the bars of the headrail of the bedstead, provided the latter is of metal. Now draw up the knees until the soles of the feet are flat on the bed. Then, with the assistance of the hands and feet—the latter mainly—raise the body as high as possible in the form of an arch or curve. Hold the body in this position while you count at least eight, and then lower it slowly

until it again touches "the bed. Rest for a moment or two. Then, raising the body again as described, and keeping the shoulders as nearly flat on the bed as you can, pivot the lower part of the body and the legs over to the right, until the outside of the right leg is resting on the bed. Next, starting from this last-named position, pivot to the left, until the outside of the left leg is touching the bed, being careful to preserve the arch of the body while so doing. Pivot back until the body is parallel to the bed, lower the former slowly, rest and repeat. This is for muscles of small bed.

Where Fat Women Reign Supreme.

OF the elevating influence of women in the American sense Morocco knows nothing, according to Budget Meakin, author of "Life in Morocco." There they are, in effect, so many goods and chattels. That a woman should be fat and comely is the highest thought a Moor has of the position of women.

RAISE the BODY with the FEET and ARMS.

Next, starting from this last-named position, pivot to the left, until the outside of the left leg is touching the bed, being careful to preserve the arch of the body while so doing. Pivot back until the body is parallel to the bed, lower the former slowly, rest and repeat. This is for muscles of small bed.

THE NEW PLAY

Bert Williams
Rivals Marie Dressler
In "Abyssinia."

"NOBODY" is the title of Bert Williams' new song. It is a full little thing of childhood days. "My Mother." There is, nevertheless, a great deal of heart interest in what Mr. Williams has to moan. He is not exactly tender but he is touched. There is an almost heart-breaking note. It is reminiscent of the howl of a pensive coyote across a lonely prairie (prairies are always lonely), an aschmatic callopo getting up late for the circus parade, or Marie Dressler getting her second wind for the chorus of a Maurice Levy masterpiece. On second thought, it is nearer Marie than either the coyote or the callopo. The burden of Mr. Williams' song is that nobody does anything for him. He, however, does a great deal for "Abyssinia," the "new musical oddity" in which he and the ivory-trimmed Walker are appearing at the Majestic Theatre. The piece in itself doesn't matter. "Abyssinia" may be instructive, judging by various native words that are translated in the programme. Its translation in the programme, but it is more tiresome than entertain-

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"AMMA," said a small miss of three years, "our Sunday-school teacher said God would punish us if we were bad." "He certainly will," replied her mother. "Does God wear slippers, mamma?" asked the little one, anxiously. Mamma—What did you do with your new ball, Harry? Harry—Threwed it down the well. Mamma—And how do you expect to get it out again? Harry—Oh, when the world turns over to-night it will fall out. Children sometimes have peculiar ideas of the eternal fitness of things. "Bessie," said the minister, addressing a little girl of six, "wouldn't you like to be a Christian?" "No, sir," answered Bessie. "I'd rather sing in the choir."—Chicago News.

There Is a "Science of Food."

THE knowledge of food values is most important, and yet it is a knowledge which few have acquired. "Half the domestic problems would solve themselves if the value and importance of the work of the family cook were understood and appreciated," says an authority on food values in Harper's Bazar. "The woman who caters for her husband so intelligently that his working capacity is kept up to the top notch literally earns at least half the family income. Each has an equal share in earning the family income and in making the home a success. "If women realized this they would not be so anxious to turn the cooking over to an incompetent maid while they engage in some money-earning occupation. If men understood it, the money question, which causes heartburnings to so many women and discord in what otherwise would be harmonious households, would cease to trouble, the man would not think he supported his wife; he would know that a good housekeeper more than earns her keep any time." The writer then points out that the choice of food and the proper preparation of it are infinitely more important than the choice of the clothing or the furniture for the household, and gives directions for combining and serving foods in their proper relations. The nitrogenous or flesh-forming foods are lean meats, eggs, fish, milk, cheese, nuts, peas, corned beef, wheat and corn. The carbonaceous or heat-producing foods are vegetables, cereals, fruits, milk, eggs and fats of meats. These foods served in their proper proportions will keep the human machinery running without friction.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

It is always better not to have a third person in the house if it can be arranged. Mother Objects. Dear Betty: All seventeen years old and am very fond of a young man nineteen, but my mother objects to my keeping company with him. I love him very much and think he loves me. Would you advise me to keep company with him against my mother's wishes? B. A. C. Certainly not—at your age you should obey your mother, as you are both too young to know whether you are seriously in love or not. with us, and I don't like it because I don't think we will agree. X. Y. Z.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE fancy blouse waist will be the prevailing one for the dressier costumes of the coming season, and it is to be noted with sleeves of varying length. This one is charming in the extreme, has the merit of showing invisibly at the left side of the front and allows a choice of the elbow sleeves or those that extend to the wrists. In the illustration it is made of fine green Chefoo pongee, with ecru lace and bits of velvet as trimming, but it is appropriate for all the seasonable materials. It would be charming in such light-weight wools as velveting and eoliane, while it is in every way to be desired for the many soft silks of the season and also for the newer fabrics of linen and cotton combined with silk that are so beautiful and so varied. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3-1/2 yards 24, 3-1/4 yards 27 or 17-1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 11-8 yards of all-over lace when short sleeves are used. 13-4 yards when long sleeves are used. Pattern No. 5285 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure. Fancy Blouse Waist—Pattern No. 5285.

How to Obtain These Patterns: Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 2 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and patterns will be sent you.